

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, December 12, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

CHAP. VII.

Barclay's reflections on Keppel's absence.—How Keppel and Gregory acted.—Our hero's misfortunes not disagreeable to Von Hein.—Why.—No such thing as disinterestedness.—Man always torturing himself.—Defence taken in a new, but very just light.

"KEPPEL left the room, shutting the door gently after him."

Perhaps he has shut it for the last time! He now knows all, and I shall probably never see him more!

Such were our hero's thoughts the moment he found himself alone; and in this strain of grievous reflection he continued until he was suddenly interrupted by Gregory, who burst a second time into the parlour, exclaiming, "They are gone! they're gone!" "Gone!" said Barclay, "How? What have you done?"

"Done! I've done nothing," he replied, "but they are gone! If it had been left to me there would have been no risk of their ever coming back again: but—"

"But who has sent them away, I ask?" cried Barclay, in an authoritative tone.

Gregory recollecting himself, cast his eyes on the ground, ashamed of the boldness into which his joy had seduced him, and was about humbly to explain the whole matter, when Keppel returned. As he entered, he beckoned to Gregory to withdraw. The honest fellow stood for a few seconds gazing alternately at each, then, bursting into tears, hurried out of the room

to give way to the overflowings of his heart. How I love such a heart.

Gregory, tho' armed at all points, had, as he declared, "done nothing." Many a warrior has done the same before him! However, he would have executed much had he been permitted, and I think I now see him with his horse-pistols and cut-and-thrust sword paying away among the creditors and bailiffs, who all make to the door, willingly abandoning their demands rather than be paid in any such manner; but this was prevented by the intervention of Keppel, who, on closing the door entreated Gregory to let him first try what he could do by peaceable means. This could not be refused, and Keppel descended into the hall, leaving Gregory at the head of the stairs in perfect readiness to make a sally the instant his forerunner was defeated. His aid, however, was not required; and no sooner had he learnt the success of Keppel than he threw down his arms, and hastened to his master in the way I have described.

Our hero and his friend, after Gregory had retired, remained for some time silent. At length, Keppel seating himself and drawing his chair near Barclay's, took him kindly by the hand, and thus addressed him:

"Forgive me, Barclay, the pain I have given you by using words which I really intended to have a very different effect. Come, I am sure you do forgive me, for you have known me too long and too well to think that I would say or do aught that might afflict you."

Barclay pressed his hand.

"It has been said," continued he, "that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends which is not disagreeable to us. I confess that I now believe it to be true; for amidst the sorrow I suffer for

your losses, there is a feeling of pleasure which I can only account for by ascribing it to the opportunity it affords me of doing you service. You shall share my fortune, and I will think myself amply rewarded if you will permit me to share your grief."

We blubber over trifles, but great affliction clings to the heart, and dries up all the sources, which, being supplied with tears, would much relieve us. The death of Barclay's father, and the cruel circumstances which attended it, made it a matter of no light grief. He had felt it deeply. It had violently agitated his spirits, but he had been denied until this moment the balm and comfort of a tear. The affectionate conduct of one he loved so much, and on such an occasion, thawed as it were the chilling sorrow that embraced his heart, and furnished him with abundance of tears. He wept, and his breast throbbed with mingled joy and grief.

Keppel perceiving the situation of Barclay's mind, and his inability to speak, proceeded— "Now, indeed, shall I have to thank fortune for her favours, which ere this I never did: nor have I had cause; for, in my opinion, prosperity is only truly desirable as it gives us the means of benefiting those we love. Success, good fortune, &c. are deprived of more than half their worth if we have no one to exult in and partake of them; but if we have, it is doubled. Then, have I not reason for what I say?"

Barclay had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to reply:

"O Keppel, my friend! for you are indeed a friend! Who but you could act so generously, so disinterestedly?"

"Don't talk to me of disinterestedness," said he, "for there is no such thing. I only fear that I am too selfish. I would gain your love. Is this the acting without

the hope of reward which deserves the name of disinterestedness?

So Barclay made no answer, but by a look equally indicative of his feelings. I, however, shall not pass it by without making my comment on it. Admitting that a man can never act disinterestedly, (and I think it must be admitted, for, supposing we receive the slightest gratification, and we generally receive a great deal in what are called our disinterested actions, we cannot be said to be perfectly disinterested) yet he may by custom, (I recommend it strongly to the reader) seem to do so; and it is an amiable trait in any character to appear to set the happiness and interest of all we converse and are connected with before our own.

Keppel now informed his friend, that he had by fair promises been permitted by the creditors to arrange his father's affairs.

"Suffer me," said Barclay, with great agitation, "suffer me to inquire one thing? If there should not be enough to discharge them all, will they have any power over the body of my father? Can they prevent his sacred remains from being deposited in a peaceful grave?"

"For the world," cried Keppel, "they should not touch a hair of his head. Be at rest on that point. Happen what may, his ashes shall not be disturbed."

Shortly after this Keppel retired, at Barclay's request, to investigate the affairs, and form the best scheme of procedure.

Man is so constituted by nature as to be perpetually teasing and worrying himself to no end. Whatever he does, he does wrong, and quickly repents of it; it might either have been done better, or it would have been better if it had not been done at all. Whatever happens to him, happens wrong; either it is not what he wanted, or it is more plague to him than if he had been without it. I verily believe, that if he was allowed all his wishes, he would never wish for any thing that he really needed, or that he would not soon be glad to get rid of.

We recollect the fear and anxiety of Barclay respecting his friend's conduct when his circumstances should be disclosed to him. Now the event had proved favourable beyond his fondest hopes, yet Keppel was no sooner gone, than, instead of rejoicing in such a friend, and being relieved by the prospect which had brightened up before him, he flung himself into a chair, and seemed to feel an accumulation of misery from what had happened.

If he consented to Keppel's doing every thing he desired, his independence was gone. He loved his friend, but indepen-

dence was to him even as the air he breathed. He believed that he could not live without it, and therefore lamented that what he had most wished for had come to pass. His sentiments on this head may by some be thought too nice, but I can never think they were. *Dependence* and *hanging* are synonymous terms. Various are the ways of hanging, but I am of opinion that that known by the word *dependence* is the worst of all. If I must be hanged, let me be hanged with as little torture as possible.

Hanging I know, is a ticklish subject. I hope, my friends, I don't offend. "Silence gives consent." We'll go on with the topic in the next chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

The force of example.—Hanging—Hounslow heath.—Whether death is a punishment that should be adopted.—Justice metamorphosed.—Hanging robin first enacted.—Lawyers praised and condemned.—The employment of men considered—A lady.—What husband's say of their wives.—Author's beads like.—read and you'll know.—An amiable Picture of matrimony.—How a man should be treated who marries solely for beauty.

THE force of example has always been allowed to be very great, but that it should make a man envious of being hanged seems extraordinary.

One would think it very uncomfortable hanging on Hounslow heath, and it appears strange that any one should take a delight in it; but Haines had not promoted himself there many weeks before his friend Clarke, by his own industry and with great toil, procured his elevation to the same rank, of which nothing but the force of example could have made him desirous. Of these two gentlemen we may say with the poet:

"Alike their bent, their fortune, and their fate."

Or shall we speak of them according to Samuel: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided?"

But, to be serious, on this subject, which is, by the way, by no means a laughable one, I never can believe it to be agreeable to the Almighty that man should take away the life of his fellow-creature. Punishments are designed for the good of the of-

† Perhaps I am wrong: it may be as comfortable hanging there as any where else, or even as being buried, according to an anecdote of Diogenes.—"He ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying."—"What," said his friends, "to the birds and beast?" "By no means," cried he, "place my staff near me that I may drive them away." "How can you do that," they replied, "since you will not perceive them?" "How am I concerned then," added he, "in being torn by these animals, I feel nothing of it?" Cicero Tusc. Quest. lib. 1. § 43.

fender, and to recall him to what is right. Death should, therefore, be excluded from them. If we consider a man as having committed so great a crime as to deserve death, that should be the very reason why we should not inflict it, but some more lenient punishment (if there be any more lenient to one who has sinned enormously), which might give him the natural time of his life to repent, and gain, if not of his fellow-creatures, the pardon of his Creator. To kill him instantly because he has done what God has forbidden, and we deem worthy of death, is to kill both body and soul, and send him, with his crime fresh upon his head, hastily and unrepented into the presence of the last great Judge of all: than which nothing can less become us as men and Christians.

To punish a trifling robbery with death is so cruel, so abominable, that, when it happens, the noble image of justice†, with her sword unsheathed to defend the innocent, appears to me a hated murderer, brandishing a weapon reeking with the blood of an offending but pardonable victim.

This punishment was in the ninth century first instituted by Edmund I. who was afterwards stabbed by Leolf, whom he had banished. It is not unlikely, that the certainty of being hanged for returning, and being seen in the monarch's presence, occasioned him to murder the king. The enactment, therefore, of this capital punishment was probably the cause of his losing his life. What does the reader think? He thinks perhaps, that I had better go on with my history—well, so I will.

In proper time the remains of our hero's father were deposited in the earth. Barclay and Keppel, and honest Gregory also, followed the hearse on this mournful occasion, and with great sincerity of heart did the last honours to the dead.

Keppel had by this period investigated the affairs of the deceased, which, after turning every thing, houses, horses, carriages, &c. into money, he found perfectly sufficient to satisfy all the creditors honourably, leaving a surplus of between four and five hundred pounds. This event gave Barclay the greatest pleasure, as it left no one the power to insult the memory of his father, and as it relieved his mind from the apprehension of dependence.

It was soon agreed upon that he should take chambers near those inhabited by Keppel, and at his leisure determine on what pursuit he should like to follow.

† The symbol of justice among the Thebans was a figure, not only blind, as we describe it, but without hands. That was more perfect than ours.

Conversing one day on this head, Keppel observed that he would not recommend the law to him.

"Not," said he, "that the stale and idle jests of witless wittlings have made me think disrespectfully of its professors, for, on the contrary, I seriously believe there are as many honest subjects in it as in any other profession; and I am confident there are many, many more ingenious, sensible, and learned men. The odium it has incurred is owing to the much greater power of doing harm, which one has who follows the law, and is inclined to evil than any other person differently situated, whose disposition is equally bad. Such, indeed, are a piteous bane to society. There cannot be a more pitiable sight than to see a disreputable and knavish lawyer thriving and living in luxury. The poor man's captivity, the widow's anguish, and the orphan's tears, these are the ruins on which he builds his house? You, my friend," continued Keppel, "shall not be a lawyer, because, to be really such, requires a life of unwearied application, which as the great profits are confined to a few, is not always justly rewarded. No, Barclay, that will not do for you; but I'll tell you what will, for 'tis what you have been used to. I'll take a house, and you shall live with me, and do nothing or any thing you like."

"I thank you for your kindness," replied Barclay, "but, indeed, I can never agree to that. I must do something."

"So, you have the vulgar prejudice," said Keppel, "that a man should have some known employment, and you would, perhaps, deem yourself criminal to live as I propose. To avoid the imputation of being an idler, like hundreds of others, I made myself a nominal professor of law. I am, nevertheless, having merely a sinecure place, as void of business as if I had not done so, and yet I feel no qualms of conscience about it. If you will, my good friend, but consider all the employments of men—state how the most active are engaged—and sum up their merits—you will readily make this conclusion: that, take them in general, they are seldom so much, and never so nobly or innocently employed, as the man who passes his time in literary ease, and who is by the world called idle. Trade debases the mind. Its only recommendation is, that it furnishes with means of subsistence, and can therefore only be deserving the attention of those who need their daily bread. Men are always discontented; and one who has spent all his days in literature, may, through ignorance, wish,

at a late period of existence, that he had followed some business; but no man who has seen what business is, and abandons it for literature, will at any time of life desire to return to it."

"My dear friend," replied Barclay, "I hate business, believe me, as cordially as yourself; but I must get the money I spend!"

There is a way of uttering words which, though not very expressive in themselves, never leaves the hearer in the least doubt about the speaker's mind. Barclay had used this mode; and his last syllables were scarcely spoken when Keppel, knitting his brows and looking much displeased, exclaimed, "I hate your pride!" I am sorry for it," replied Barclay, "for I think it becomes me."

"Well, well," said Keppel, still ruffled, "perhaps you are in the right, but I don't like to have my plans destroyed thus. You know I never wish to do things by halves: you are aware of what I desire to do, and you will not let me do it. 'Tis unkind at least."

Barclay, hoping to appease him, and anxious to evade his offers, said:

"You do not recollect, Keppel, when you make me the generous proposal of taking a part of your house, that I should soon be turned out of it by a much more worthy occupant,—a wife."

Now the reader cocks his ears, and says very prettily to me, "Pray, sir, who is the lady?" Upon which I answer, with that civility and good breeding which so eminently distinguish me above all other authors,

"Sir—always happy to enlighten you—the lady is a young lady; one, the tip of whose little finger you would give both your ears to kiss.—She lives, sir, at present, in the country with a clergyman who promised her in marriage to Keppel; whose guardian he had been until she was one-and-twenty. There, now you're illuminated!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A CELEBRATED WRITER'S

SENTIMENTS OF AN HAPPY LIFE.

PETRARCH, in a letter to a friend, says, "I have fixed bounds to my desires. What greater happiness can be proposed, than to pass our lives with proved and united friends, with whom we think alike?—Or what more agreeable than faces always serene, minds still agreed, hearts ever open, conversations where truth wholly reigns, without constraint, reserve, or preparation?—Human life, like the sea, is exposed to frequent hurricanes, and the

evening of the brightest day is often obscured and tempestuous. The wise ought to say of the world as Palinurus, that famous pilot, said of the sea, *Shall I confide in that monster?*—Should we not learn to distinguish the felicities of nature from the chimeras of the world, and to discover truth in the midst of the shades that surround it? To do this, should be the constant aim of every mortal: it is indeed the one thing necessary.—This manner of life is the object of all my desires; if I can obtain it, I shall have no cause for envy."

DEFINITION OF TRUE HONOUR.

THERE is no word of greater import and dignity than honour: it is virtue, adorned with every decoration that can make it amiable and useful in society. It is the true foundation of mutual faith and credit, and the real intercourse by which the business of life is transacted with safety and pleasure. It is of universal extent, and can be confined to no particular station of life, because it is every man's security, and every man's interest. It is impossible to have too great a regard and esteem for a man of strict honour; but then let him prove his right to this title by the whole tenor of his actions: let him neither attempt to derive his character, or form his conduct from fashion, or the opinion of others: let a true moral rectitude be the uniform rule of his actions, and a just praise and approbation will be their due reward.

METHOD OF EXTINGUISHING FIRE,

WITHOUT DANGER OF BREAKING OUT AFRESH.

By the late Professor Hoffman.

AS soon as an engine is in readiness to work, stir into the water that immediately is to be discharged, seven or eight pounds of pearl-ashes, in powder, and continue to add it in this manner as occasion requires, taking care that it be directed against the timber or wainscot, &c. just beginning to burn, and not wasted against the brick-work; or, where time will admit, dissolve any quantity of pearl-ashes in a copper with water; and as fast as it dissolves, which will be in a few minutes, mix a pailful with the water in the engine pretty often; and whatever burning wood it is played upon will be extinguished as if it was dipped in water, and will not burn afresh in the part extinguished.

ORIGINAL TALE.

The Ruins.

(CONTINUED.)

"I EXERTED myself to console my beloved Matilda for this sudden and unexpected reverse of fortune, but in vain; she felt a presentiment of an evil, of which she could form none but the most dreadful ideas. The horrid uncertainty of our destination in which we were involved, was at length concluded at the close of the second day's journey, when we were ordered to alight. Faint and exhausted with fatigue, (for we had not been allowed to pause, except to take a hasty refreshment from time to time) we were conducted into a building, which, from its large extent, appeared to be a castle of considerable importance. Its lofty turrets, which hung high in air in frowning majesty, and enveloped in the dark mists of evening, inspired us with no very pleasant ideas. The person who had contrived thus to entrap us, had taken his measures with the utmost forethought and caution; but who it was that had harboured such malevolent intentions against us, we could not form an idea that appeared in the least degree probable. Vague conjectures respecting the author of this infamous attempt to deprive us of our liberty, so occupied our minds, that the horrors of our situation were somewhat diminished. We were conducted into a large parlour; where a cheerful blaze in the chimney was not competent to disperse the chilly dampness and thick vapours that pervaded every corner of the apartment, seeming to have been for many years the undisturbed occupants. The gloomy appearance of the castle, and the disagreeable room to which we were confined, overcame the fortitude of Matilda, and she sunk upon my bosom in an agony of grief. I endeavoured to console her; but the recollection of her infant, who had been left behind us at our seat, rendered all my attempts to soothe her affliction and calm the tumult of her sorrow fruitless. From the apartment we had first entered, we were conducted to an antique chamber, whose decayed furniture demonstrated the effects of time on every perishable object. The door was strongly fastened on the outside; and to prevent any interruption of our repose, I barricaded the entrance within. For they who were capable of committing such an act of violence as to deprive

us of our liberty, would not hesitate, if it answered their own purposes, to deprive us of life also. Supposing ourselves secure from open violence during the night, exhausted nature sunk into a slumber, from which I was roused by a noise as of some person walking in the chamber. The light was extinguished, but a moment verified my suspicions—I leaped out of bed, and in an instant, with a nervous hand, grasped the intruder.

"A severe conflict ensued;—my antagonist was strong, and held in his hand a dagger; but as soon as I perceived it, I made a desperate effort, and wrested it from him. Impelled by that propensity inherent in every breast, to struggle for the preservation of my own existence, and of my beloved Matilda, and instantly conceiving that the intruder, from the circumstance of his holding an unsheathed dagger, must have entered our apartment to accomplish the horrid purpose of assassination, I felt possessed of new powers, and hurled him prostrate on the floor. A loud cry escaped him on falling, and in an instant the room was filled with armed men. I was stationed astride of my fallen antagonist—but, Father of Mercies! what were my sensations, when, as the light gleamed from a taper on his countenance, I discovered the features of my brother!—I still kept possession of the dagger, and when the men approached to rescue him, I swore in the most solemn manner, that, if they did not instantly retire, I would plunge it to his heart. Fearing that I would fulfill my oath, they retired, and left us alone. Matilda was almost fainting with terror, but she somewhat recovered her composure upon the retreat of the men. The countenance of Arthur was convulsed with the violence of contending passions. Disappointment and ferocity were conspicuously delineated on his features. To all my reproaches for his unexampled villainy (for I could no longer doubt his being the author of our imprisonment) he maintained a profound and sullen silence; but when I declared, that unless he bound himself by the most dreadful ties to set us at liberty as soon as the day dawned, the present moment should be the last of his existence.—With much apparent reluctance he took the oath required, and as soon as I liberated him, he quit the apartment through a private door, by which he had entered, and which I had not before noticed in the agitation of my mind. The remainder of the night passed away without further interruption.—But ah! little did I expect that it was to be the last I should ever spend with

my adored Matilda. When we arose in the morning, the sun had just appeared above the horizon, and tinged with his golden radiance the frowning turrets of the castle. A servant shortly came to inform us, that a carriage was in waiting to carry us from the detested abode of villainy, and with joy I bailed the approaching return of the goddess to whom all of us pay our adorations. We quickly obeyed the summons, and descended to the hall, where were ranged the abandoned dependants of Arthur; who, influenced by shame, did not appear. Matilda entered the carriage in waiting, and I was preparing to follow, when I was seized from behind. The door of the coach was instantly closed, and Matilda hurried from my sight for ever."

"Blessed spirit!" exclaimed Manston, "look down from thy celestial abode and pity my sufferings in being doomed to remain behind thee. Ah never," continued he, dashing away a silent tear, "while I retain my existence, shall I obliterate from my memory that moment when I was separated from my wife. If even all my powers should be numbed by the cold hand of age, or thrown into a state of inaction from the severity of my misfortunes, still would I remember that horrid period, and dwell with pensive pleasure upon the image of Matilda.

"Despair at being thus unexpectedly torn from her, inflamed me almost to phrenzy, and it was well for my guards that their numbers protected them from my violence. I was conducted back to the interior of the castle; where for a short time, I was tolerably well situated, and might have made myself happy, but for the incidents which had recently occurred that preyed upon my spirits. A few days elapsed when I was ordered to attend my guards, who escorted me to the grand chamber of state, where sat arrayed in the most splendid robes the treacherous Arthur. I endeavoured to assume a composure I did not feel, and to view the wretch with calm contempt; but the smile of triumph which dilated his harsh features robbed me of the command of myself. He appeared as a judge preparing to determine the fate of an abandoned criminal; but malice and revenge scowled from his dark eyes in every look he cast on the unhappy victim of his insidious arts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REMARK.

Envious people are very miserable, because the happiness of others torments them as much as their own misery.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THOUGHTS ON DUELLING.

Occasioned by the late unfortunate encounter between Mr. EACKER and Mr. HAMILTON, in which the latter was killed.

ON reading, not long since, an affecting account of the death of Mr. Hamilton, I was led seriously to reflect on the subject. Alas! (I exclaimed, after finishing the recital) how can any human being, endowed with reason, advocate this practice? What a pity, Mr. Editor, that existing laws are not effectual for putting a stop to this inhuman practice; our reason certainly, without the assistance of experience, should be sufficient to convince us of its destructive consequences; but alas! custom has bid defiance to the authority of our severest laws, and the community has, in this instance, been deprived of a valuable member, who might have lived an ornament in society.—Tell me, ye modern duellists, what are your sensations, after having triumphed over your antagonist, when you have dexterously given the mortal wound? If ye are men of feeling, if you are not callous to every sentiment of humanity, you must be miserable—you must remain wretched indeed—Can you without horror reflect, that by depriving society of one of its members, you have committed murder! Can you view unmoved, the distress of surviving relatives!—Alas! you are now willing to deprecate this dreadful practice.—Picture to thyself, gentle reader, a character like this, who from a dread of punishment which the law inflicts, has taken refuge in some retired spot, view him, with folded arms pacing his chamber-floor, and in the anguish of his soul, hardly knowing what he says—calls himself a murderer—wishes he had never beheld the light, and curses with dreadful oaths and execrations the day of his existence. This is the result of a practice, which, to the disgrace of human nature, is termed *honourable*!—But alas! where is the honour? Tell me, ye men of erudition and profound sagacity, tell me to whom and how is duelling honourable? It has ever been a matter of surprise to me, that rational beings should so far indulge such a false notion of honour, as to suppose it necessary, when any difference ensues, either to kill or be killed! What reparation can either one or the other afford for the wrong received? If any blemish is thrown on my character, does my depriving an adversary of life do it away? If the fact alleged,

or the insinuation made, be true, certainly I do not clear myself by taking his life; and if the fact or insinuation is not true, I should not conceive my honour concerned to resent a falsehood. These considerations, in my humble opinion, ought to be sufficiently strong to prevent such an inhuman effusion of blood.—Is it not in the highest degree absurd, to encourage an endeavour to destroy a fellow creature, because he is not of the same sentiment with myself?—Must an unguarded word, or an inadvertent action, be put in competition with life?—Certainly the laws of nature forbid it.—I have always considered duelling as a false kind of bravery, regulated by certain rules of mistaken honour, to which no person should be obliged to conform; and no one (if I entertain a just notion of honour) derogates from his dignity who refuses a challenge. It may not be deemed honourable; yet I aver it is the duty of every good citizen to discountenance duelling, as it is in direct violation of the laws. If a person is attacked in consequence of refusing a challenge, he will then have an opportunity of proving, that it was not declined thro' fear, but principle.—I will conclude these observations with an anecdote I lately found in a historical work: Henry IV. of France, on reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer, "Here lies the body of Don, &c. &c. &c. who never knew what fear was"—"Then," said the king, "he never snuffed a candle with his fingers." H. S. R. I.

PHILADELPHIA, }
DECEMBER 6, 1801. }

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

PETITION OF SUNDRY INJURED PERSONS.

WE, the subscribers, labouring under many great and pressing grievances, have thought proper to present to the public, a fair and candid statement thereof; hoping, that when they are made public, they will receive the attention they merit: And, as you, Sir, we doubt not, are a friend to the injured in general, and will give them all the assistance in your power, we trust you will publish the following:

WE, therefore, represent, that we have been for several ages (if tradition may be credited) in the possession of a certain right and privilege, given to us by the common consent of a large portion of mankind, viz. to cover the human body from below the h—ps upwards; in con-

sideration whereof, we (or, at least our ancestors, in their own name, and in the name of their posterity) agreed to defend the said part from the injuries of the weather; which agreement has, on our part been strictly and faithfully fulfilled; but we have to lament, that, on the part of our injurers, the ancient contract has been faithlessly and shamefully broken: our privilege is invaded, and our very existence threatened, in consequence of our neighbour* being suffered to encroach on our territories to an alarming degree.

All these injuries have been committed, at the suggestions of a certain Lady,† of a fickle, changeable, and in many instances of a whimsical and capricious disposition; aided by a set of men,‡ whose fondness for innovation is notorious, and whose interest it is to encourage, and carry into effect the designs of the above-mentioned lady; who is continually interfering in our affairs, or those of our neighbours;§ giving territory to one, which she has taken from another: an instance of which occurred not many years past, whereby we gained, unasked, a considerable addition of territory; and we sincerely believe it was only done to make us feel our present injuries more sensibly. We must, however, in justice to the majority of the citizens of Philadelphia, acknowledge, that they have not favoured the designs of these innovators, nor given them any considerable encouragement. A certain respectable class,|| in particular, have acted with their usual good sense, and justice, by giving each his due; for which we beg leave to present them our hearty thanks.—But as we have extended this statement to a considerable length, we shall now conclude with a short address to those who have been misled by the above-mentioned persons.

O! unjust and ungrateful race! you who have so long been sheltered under our wings; who have so often been defended by our power, from the chilling blasts of winter, and the oppressive beams of many a summer's sun, you have ungratefully aided and encouraged the late unjust attack upon our rights, and have thereby forfeited all claim to our protection; you may now triumph in security—but you shall soon tremble,—winter, dark, cold, and stormy winter, is fast approaching, and then, when the storm howls over the dreary plains, when the fields are covered with snow, when wintry blasts shall shake your shivering forms, you will then lament

* Pantaloon. † Fashion. ‡ The tailors
§ Coat and pantaloon. || The Quakers.

your rashness and folly, in forfeiting our protection.

But as no evil is unmixed with good, we trust the rigours of the ensuing season will convince you of the value of our services, and induce you to restore to us our ancient rights.

SWANSDOWN WAISTCOAT,
CASSIMER WAISTCOAT,
VELVET WAISTCOAT,

Committee appointed to draw up a statement of the grievances of the whole.

DECEMBER 5, 1801.

The method by which a Man of Wit and Learning may render himself disagreeable.

YOUR business is to shine; therefore you must by all means prevent the shining of others; for their brightness may make your's the less distinguished. To this end, if possible, engross the whole discourse; and when other matter fails, talk much of yourself, your education, your knowledge, your circumstances, your successes in business, your victories in disputes, your own wise sayings and observations on particular occasions, &c.

If, when you are out of breath, one of the company seize the opportunity of saying something, watch his words, and if possible, find somewhat either in his sentiments or expression immediately to contradict and raise a dispute upon.

If another should be saying an indisputable good thing, either give no attention to it, or interrupt him, or draw away the attention of others; or if you can guess what he would be at, be quick, and say it before him; or if he gets it said, and you perceive the company pleased with it, own it to be a good thing, but withal remark that it hath been said by Bacon, Locke, Boyle, or some other eminent writer. Thus you deprive him of the reputation he might have gained by it, and gain some yourself, as you hereby shew your extensive reading and retention of memory.

When modest men have been thus treated by you a few times, they will chuse ever after to be silent in your company; then you may shine on without fear of a rival, rallying them at the same time for their dulness, which will be to you a new fund of wit.

Thus you will be sure to please yourself. The polite man aims at pleasing others, but you shall go beyond him even in that. A man can be present only in one company, but may at the same time be absent in twenty. He can please only where he is; you, where you are not.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

HINTS TO THE WIDOWS, WIVES, AND SPINSTERS OF PHILADELPHIA.

THE likeliest way to obtain a good husband, or to preserve one so, is to be good yourself: for with you, principally rest the materials of happiness, necessary for the peace of both parties.

Never use a lover, whom you intend to marry, ill, for fear of a retaliation, when the word *obey* is pledged. Power is sometimes cruelly used; and should inclination lead him to upbraid you, or return it afterwards, you have only the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting, that when it was in your power, for your amusement, you treated him contumeliously,—for

"Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd:
"Abject shall those obey, who haughty were obey'd."

Above all things, avoid aspiring to rule your husband; the reins of domestic government (that is, in all important matters) ultimately belong to him; and as there are several departments for each to manage, look immediately to those things which belong to yourself; and be assured you will find sufficient employment. Many very foolishly wishing to try the good nature of their husbands, proceed to extremes, and by frequent repetitions of the same, which finally become habitual, sours a disposition naturally good.

Be not too sanguine before marriage, nor promise yourself undisturbed felicity; consider that the person you wed is a man, and not an angel: And when you are linked by the hymenial tie, should he not fully prove what you expected, pass it over as a human frailty; put on the smile of cheerfulness and good nature, and by example, learn him to do the same.

As you both have set out on the journey of life, to brave, and endeavour to surmount the difficulties naturally expected in this thorny path,—remember that the accidents, or misfortunes you may meet with, are not all to be placed to the account of matrimony; but many of them to the uncertainties of life, and the infirmities of human nature; a burthen which each has engaged to support the other in, and to which both are equally exposed. Therefore let no murmurings, reflectings, or disagreements add to the burthen; but readily put your shoulder to the yoke, and mutually assist each other.

Study the temper of your husband, and command your own: enjoy his satisfaction, sooth his cares with gentleness and love, and be sure to conceal his infirmities.

For the purpose of refreshing in your mind the solemn duty you owe him, read frequently the matrimonial ceremony, and do not forget to pay particular attention to the word *obey*. And should any demon endeavour to tempt you, let your wedding ring be placed to your view; recollecting at the time, by whom, and where it was given you, together with the solemn circumstances, attendant on the reception of the same.

Let a clause always be in your fervent prayers, for the preservation of your husband, and also to make or to continue you a good wife.

As I have before remarked, that with you rests principally the requisites necessary to the acquiring and preserving, not only to your husband, but to yourself, peace of mind, a proper conjugal happiness, and, as far as the nature of human events will admit, a continued train of felicity; therefore be careful not to dispute with him, be the occasion what it will, but rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, or getting the better of him in argument: otherwise you run the risk of a quarrel, and enmities should not be bred between you for trifles, when by your silence, or accession to his opinion, mischief and animosity may be prevented, and harmony increased.

Oh weak and delicate woman! nature never formed you to be bold and assuming: nor was that sweet and modulating voice, granted you to brawl and scold.—Rage and passion was never intended to distort such mild and delicate features. What woman conquers by, is persuasive arts, gentle remonstrances, entreaties and good nature; these weapons seldom or never fail to subdue, not only the tender, but the obdurate soul.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. HAMILTON.

By a Lady.

Unhappy youth! alas no friend
Will thine untimely fate deplore,
Since thus thy sad inglorious end
Has all thine honours clouded o'er.

Yet had'st thou to thyself been true,
Tho' few on earth had been thy days,
Thy fame had been excell'd by few,
For scarce a youth deserv'd more praise.

H.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET IX.

W O M A N.

"O Woman, lovely Woman! Nature made you,
"To temper Man" —

LOVELIEST of beings on creation's scale,
Fairest of orders in fair Wisdom's plan,
Thou great first-moving principle of man,
Thy pow'r so'er ev'ry heart & mind prevail.

Far as are known the influence divine,
Of forming Thought, of Intellect's domain,
And Sensibility's benignant reign,
Thy sway extends, and bright thine honours shine.

From thee, the Virtues, Loves and Graces flow,

The soul of reason, dignity of mind;
All that can humanize & bless mankind,
And antedate Elysium while below.

Oh! then, complacent view my humble lays;—

Thy smile is happiness, and fame thy praise.

AMYNTOR.

THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF
A MISPLACED COMMA.

Amazing as it may seem, it is certainly fact, that the unfortunate king Edward II. lost his life by means of a misplaced comma; for his cruel queen, with whom he was at variance, sent to the keeper of the prison where he was confined the following lines:

"To shed King Edward's blood
"Refuse to fear, I count it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word *refuse*, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood
"Refuse,"

the sense would have implied that the keeper was commanded not to hurt the King, and the remainder of the line—

"To fear I count it good,"

would have signified that it was counted good not to spill his blood: but the comma being wickedly placed after the word *fear*, thus—

"To shed King Edward's blood
"Refuse to fear,"

the murder seemed commanded, together with a kind of indemnification to the keeper; nay, after this mode of pointing, the remainder of the line seems to deem the action meritorious:

"I count it good."

According to the punctuation the keeper took the lines in the worst sense, and the king lost his life upon the occasion.

A bishop of Asello ordered this inscription to be put over his gate:

"Porta, patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto."

Which is,

"Gate, be thou open, and not shut to any honest man."

But the painter unluckily placing the comma after the word *nulli*, instead of *esto*, the sense stood thus:

"Gate be thou open to nobody, but be shut to an honest man."

Which occasioned the bishop to lose his bishopric.

Thus we may perceive the necessity of being very particular with respect to points or stops, since the misplacing of a single comma occasioned the murder of a King and the loss of a bishopric.

PHILADELPHIA,

DECEMBER 12, 1801.

SOLUTION OF THE ENIGMA.

MR. HOGAN,

ON Saturday last, of a book much in need, My intellects starving for something to read— (fast,

'Tis cruel, thought I, when the soul has to And turning about saw your weekly repast; So caught it up hastily, certain to find A rich little treat for each various mind; And reading away I soon came to a place, Where ENIGMA, so neat, star'd me full in the face.

When plodding it over again and again, Ransaking and boring and puzzling my brain, (hard duty, The wit, bloom and fondness,* altho' 'twas Soon prov'd it the name of an angelic beauty.

Three sevenths of Sarcasm, plainly is *Sar*— And *ah* then completes the first name of this *Star*;

Two thirds of the fine part of spring, sure is *Ma*—

And *son* is a fond father's pride, clear as day.

So embracing the first opportunity, hasten To tell to the world, it is, Miss SARAH MASON.

* Words used in the Enigma.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

Continued from page 23, and Conclude

15. Three sevenths of a celebrated novel, the sixteenth letter of the alphabet, and a sounding instrument.

16. A preposition and the third consonant.

17. A common musical instrument, changing the first letter.

18. Two thirds of a pleasant smile, and three ninths of a petty poet.

19. A tall quick growing tree, and a meadow.

20. Two fourths of a lofty singing bird, and one third of the drink of the heaven gods.

21. One half of a fleet, four fifths of a Scottish title of honour, and a serpentine letter.

22. Two fifths of Homer's king of Troy, and three eighths of a lawyer.

23. A Jewish Patriarch, adding the sixth vowel.

24. One third of a large city in the United States, one half of the king of beasts, and two fifths of an holy song.

25. A piece of defensive armour, used in ancient days, adding a consonant.

26. A testament, cutting off the last letter, and a father's male child.

27. The twenty third letter of the alphabet, a century, and one fourth of a beautiful flower.

28. Four eighths of a reward, adding the last letter in the alphabet.

Marriages.

HEAVN, in compassion to the lot we share,
Of malediction, sorrow, pain and care,
Bestows us comfort in th' endearing wife,
Which compensates for all the ills of life;
In that soft, tender name, the blessings blend,
Of mother, sister, daughter, guardian, friend;
In that delightful word methinks I hear,
All that can touch the soul with bliss sincere.

AMYNTOR.

MARRIED... In this City... On the 29th ult. by the rev. Mr. Heisenstein, Mr. Wm. Davenport, to Miss Eliza S. Hollingshead. Same evening, at New Mills, by Samuel Wright, esq. Mr. Anthony Earl, to Miss Eliza Budd, both of New-Jersey. On the 28th ult. at Cheltenham (Mont. Co.) by Thomas Shoemaker, esq. Mr. John Test, to Miss Lydia Dungan, both of this city.

Deaths.

Still Time rolls on to vast eternity;
Still Death approaches, never seeming nigh;
Still myriads of our species crowd the tomb;
And still we hasten to our final doom:—
O, Author of all being! grant, that we,
When nature dies, may live in bliss with Thee.

AMYNTOR.

DIED... In this City... On the 8th inst. Mr. John Shields, sen.

..... At Lancaster, (suddenly) on the 3d inst. the hon. Abiel Taylor, one of the state Representatives from the county of Chester.

..... On the 18th ult. at Silver-Bluff, Edgefield district, the hon. Ephraim Ramsay, one of the associate Judges of South Carolina.

As it was not intended by the note of Saturday last, to preclude T. W. de la Tienda from an opportunity of replying to J. C. an interview with the writer respecting the parts of his answer that were objected to would be agreeable.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

HAIL Innocence! thou unsuspecting fair,
Queen of the artless smile, and peaceful
eye,

Stranger to fear, anxiety or care,—
Thou walk'st at ease tho' danger's self be
nigh:

Thy snow-white arms plac'd on thy naked
breast:
Create no blush; shame never broke thy rest.

Could I, with sweet Amyntor, sing thy praise
In flattering verse, and call thee Virtue's
queen;

Bind round thy brows a wreath of borrow'd
rays,

And paint thee, rainbow-like, in red and
green;

Yet all my praise would not beget a smile,
Nor would thy dimpling cheek reward my
toil.

Thou art indeed a white-rob'd simple child,
Not fit to walk this pick'd world alone;
Thou know'st no ill, art sugar-lip'd and
mild,

Yet oft dost dash thy foot against a stone:
Ah! still depend on Prudence, she thy guide,
Will lead thee where the Virtues all reside.

Dost thou remember, when in Eden fair,
Thou, simple one, didst wander 'mongst
the flow'rs—

And mad'st a slip—that drove the lovely pair
To wander far from those ambrosial
bow'rs?

Yet artless still, thou art no wiser grown,
Still cunning preys upon thee, if alone.

Believe not smooth Amyntor's flatt'ring
strain—

Of all that's good and great no parent thou:
Not e'en a virtue—thou canst never reign;
Before thy queen-ship, virtues never bow.
Just a negation;—vice thou knowest not,
Thy garment white, thy heart without a blot.

With little lambs, that sport 'mong flow'ers
gay.

And unledg'd doves, thou ever wilt be seen;
With moping idiots thou delight'st to play,
With heart unmoved and unroff'd mein.

Prudence, dear Prudence, lend thy timely aid,
From dangers guard thy little white-rob'd
maid.

Sweet lisping babe, to Justice lift thy eye;
He nobly stands to guard his little friend;
Brave Fortitude, and Temperance will be
nigh:

Trust to their pow'r, they're able to defend.
But O! my simple dear, walk not alone:
Ah! if thou dost, thy boasted beauty's
gone.

Now do not frown my harmless little dear,
Indeed and deed, thou wert not form'd to
rule:

Deep knives would whisper falsehoods in
thy ear,
Cunning would laugh, and call thee easy
fool.

List not to flatt'ers, oft they have beguil'd.
And found that thou'rt a simple little child
J. C.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BANKS OF THE SCHUYLKILL.

WRITTEN SOME TIME AGO.

ON Schuylkill's banks, far from the mad-
d'ning crowds,

That adoration pay at Folly's shrine,
In some cool grove, impervious to the sun,
I lay me down;—the feather'd tribe are
hush'd;

Echo no sound repeats; but silence reigns,
That soothes the wounded spirit and invites
Sweet contemplation, sober and sedate,
For ever musing on this motley scene.

Imagination on her downy wing
Waits me to distant climes, where Europe's
sons,

Proud and impetuous, rush to war's alarms:
Italia's smiling plains, where late the swain
Was blest with plenty, and enjoy'd in peace,
His fruitful vintage: on the verdant lawns
Where cheerful rustics danc'd with joyous
hearts,

Contending armies meet, and hostile bands
Direct the thundering messengers of fate.
The soldier's dying groans, the orphan's
cry,

The shrieks of violated innocence!
Assail mine ear;—in fancy I survey
The flames of burning villages arise,
And, wrapt in smoke, o'erspread the face of
heav'n.

The limpid stream, whose soft meanders
lull'd

The rural lovers when they sought the
shades,

Now rolls its sanguinary waves along,
With human gore encrimson'd. But the
muse,

Heart-bleeding at the prospect, turns her
eye

To western climates, where the trump of
war

Is hush'd in silence, and the blood-stain'd
laurel

No more bedecks the honest vet'ran's brow.
Columbia hail! thou land of freedom hail!
While Europe's kingdoms groan beneath
the rod

Of tyranny, 'tis thine to assert the right
And privilege of man; to unlock the chain
Which binds the wretched negro, and to
snatch

From petty tyrants the uplifted lash,
Against their brethren rais'd;—the world
shall see,

Fame shall record the action in her page;
And Washington, thy saviour, from on high,
Pleas'd with the worthy deed, look down
and smile.

Fair Science then her empire shall erect,
And learning flourish: by thy fostering hand
Rear'd and encourag'd, thy succeeding sons
Shall tread the paths their fathers trod be-
fore.

Another Rittenhouse again shall rise;
An Hun phreys, whose undaunted arm shall
wield

The sword of freedom, or with daring
flight.

Ascend Parnassus—other Dwight's be born;
A West whose magic art shall animate
The canvas, which in vivid tints unfolds
The page of history; Barlow, bard sublime,
In his posterity shall live again.

Poets and statesmen shall adorn thy lands,
Myriads unborn shall grace Columbia's
name.

SIXTEEN.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

REBUS.

THE name of a Croton, both active and
strong; (long;
An emblem of hope, which to ships doth be-
A northern nation, once to England allied,
And the name of the town where Severus
died;

To this add the season, when nature looks
green;

Juno's messenger—which on earth ne'er was
seen;

The city in which great Virgil was born;
The name of a fruit surrounded with thorn;
A day set apart for worship and pray'r;
A month that will number the tenth in
the year; (fair.)

With a neat little instrument us'd by the

The initials united, will prove to your mind,
The name of a FAIR ONE, that's gentle and
kind;

Who is cheerful and pleasant, good natur'd
and gay.

And every way graceful and charming as
May.

JUVENIS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

IMPROMPTU.

Addressed to a little Girl, on hearing her read the fol-
lowing beautiful Extract from the Economy
of HUMAN LIFE.

WOMAN.

GIVE ear, fair daughter of love, to the
instructions of prudence, and let the pre-
cepts of truth sink deep in thy heart; so
shall the charms of thy mind, add lustre to
the elegance of thy form, and thy beauty,
like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its
sweetness when its bloom is withered.

LITTLE charming maid give ear,
All advice of prudence hear;
Keep truth's precepts in thy breast,
Youth and age shall then be blest.
When the bloom of beauty gay,
Is in radiant full display,
Let enchanting meekness grace,
Seraph form and angel face.
On thee then will heav'n bestow
New and lasting charms enow.

B. W.